

Dr. O T'ES his VINDICATION :

AFFIRMING THAT

His EVIDENCE is not to be basled by the PAPISTS.

AND SHEWING

The Power that induced him to Discover this Damnable Hellish Popish PLOT against the Protestant Religion.

WISDOM, the Fruiful Mother of all things,
The Virgin Bride of the great KING of Kings;
This Heavenly Lady, first instructed Me,
To free my Country from *Rome's* Tyranny.
The World is Blind, and they that Headlong run,
Without this Guid, are utterly undon.
Whilst I was galloping a full Career,
A Glorious Angel did to me appear,
Syreat Britaines Genius, in a mourning weed.
Glanc't in my Eye, which made my Heart to bleed.

CAnst thou, quoth she, behold thy Country's fall,
Into the Hands of evr'y *Canibal*?
Devouring Dogs, who not content with Fleeces,
Do gape to grind both Flesh and Bones to pieces!
Who, under colour of fain'd Holiness,
Would make poor *Albion* a meer Wildernes.
Rome had her *Titus*, we in Story find,
Who was the full Delight of all Mankind:
Be like him than, 'tis not a time to play,
To do thy Country good, loose not a day:
Armies of Serpents swarm abcut her Ears,
Ready to be devoured by Wolves and Bears.
I have design'd thee for this Noble Work,
Amouſt these Murderers no longer lurk.
What canſt thou fee the Land where thou waſt born,
Made the World's Laughter and the publick Scorn?
Thine aged Fathers reverend Snow-white Head,
With Fettered hands, to Execution led?
A Pander to thy Mother, monstrous base,
Thy Sister Strumpetted before thy face?
The Wife before her Hus'and's face defil'd?
Your Cattel plundered, and your Housles spoyl'd?
This Famous Island topsy-turvy turn'd?
The Inhabitants all banished or burn'd?
And thou thy ſelf canſt not escape their Fury,
To take thy Life, they have ſummon'd up a Jury!
Behave thy ſelf as wifely as you can,
'Tis Crime enough to be an *Englishman*.
Tay Countrys peace and ſafety will be thine,
With bloody Monsters, ſee thou doſt not joyn:
Be Wifē and Valiant, nothing can diſtrefſ thee,
Tho the Pope Curse, the Heaven of Heavens will bleſſ thee.
To Conquer Canaan, *Israel* ſent out Spies,
Be thou a *Caleb* in a low Disguife,
To bring their Deeds of darknes to the Light,
With *Canaanites*, be thou a *Canaanite*.
In my wife School, I'll make thee a Refiner,
An Underminer of the Underminer:
The Fiends are putting forth with all their might
A Plot, deeper than Hell, darker than Night!

These words did pierce my Soul, like a keen Arrow,
They glided through my Bones, and all my Marrow.
I'll follow thy Advice, thus I reply,
Though Snakes and Adders in the way do ly.

The Dye is caſt, I want no further Wooing,
And if I fall, I'll perish by well doing:
With an undaunted Courage I'll march on,
Till I have paſt this River *Rubicon*.
Like the brave *Roman Caesar*, lo, I stand,
Though *Rome* encounter me by Sea and Land.
A *Joshua* to this Land, good News I bring:
A Faithful *Mordecai* unto my King:
Romes ſtinking Holines begins to Taint,
Where every Murderer is made a Saint.
Hold up thy head, *Great Britain*, thou ſhalt ſee
Accursed *Haman* hanging on a Tree:
This Reſolution in my mind did fall,
That for a time, I was not I at all!
The Fire of Love ſo flamed in my Breast,
For *Englands* ſafety I could take no reſt!
The Dove did ſhine like a bright morning Sun,
And put the Murdering Dragon to the run:
The Lamb he was my Counſellor, who fail'd,
Find cut those horrid Treafors that ate laid
Againſt thy Native Soil, whose Funeral Bell
Is now rung-out by all the Powers of Hell:
A Grave prepared, a Gulf doth open ſtand
To swallow all the People of this Land,
Arife, the Angel ſaid, It is THY Lot,
To ſound the bottom of this Hellish PLOT,
Guided along by Providence Divine,
Rip through the Bowels of this Dark Design:
I, mount the *Alpes*, ſtand for fair *Italy*,
To ſound *Romes* machivillian Policy:
I ſwiftly poſt through *Flanders*, pleauſt *France*,
To the *Castilian* Court, I did advance:
I there unrip't the bowels of this PLOT,
Saw how theſe Nations at fair *England* ſhot,
In all theſe Countrys which foul Treafon breeds,
I ſuckt ſweet Honey from moſt poſſeſſous weeds;
Of which an Antidote I did compour'd,
To Cure fair *England* of her ſecret Wound.
That I might give them their own bitter Pill,
I kept the Coppyes of their Letters ſtill;
Laden with ſpoils of Treachery and Treafon,
I came unto my King, had I not reaſon?
My many years Intelligence, I brought
Unto his hands, and how his LIFE was fought.
Tho all the people had their Sentence read,
Yet HE, their King, this diſmal Daunce muſt lead.
He did receive me with a gratiouſ Eye,
For at the ſtake his Sacred Life did ly.
All Nations truſt the Sword for their Defence,
But *England*, thou art ſav'd by Providence!
For being Blind, thou didſt not ſee nor know,
The Arm was up to give the fatal Blow!
Hoo'd-winkt aſleep, thou hadſt for ever been,
Had not wiſe Providence ſtept-inbetween.
Armies of Angels, ſtood in battel array,
Their General did fight for thee this day.
Let not the name of *Otes* live, let it dye,
And in the Grave of dark Oblivion ly:
Let *Bedloe*, *Otes* and *Dugdale* be forgot,
For they were not diſcoveres of this Plot;
Theſe were but Harps in Great *Jehovab's* hand,
On whom he plaid to ſave a Sinful Land:
Our General he did call, and we Obey'd,
We were the Instruments on whom he plaid

A Tune ſo pleauſant on the Humble Lyre,
That all ſucceeding Ages will admire!
To this Great God the Ancient of days
Let us give all the Honor and the Praise,
Who brought a *Daniel* from the Lions Den,
And ſav'd us from the Hands of Wicked men:
His Eye hath rais'd to Life with one ſweet Ray,
A Nation that upon its Death Bed lay.
Henceforth *Great Britain* ſhow thy ſmiling Face,
In thee is Born a Child of Heavenly Race,
Sprung from the Loyns of the Immortal Dove,
Wiſdom his Mother, and his Sire is Love:
Riding Tryumphant on his Milk white Steed,
This Prince ſhall Cure the Nations that now bleed:
Envy and Malice ſhall fall down before him,
The *Blackmore* and the *Indian* ſhall adore him!
Into his Fold all Nations he will gather,
Our Noble King ſhall be a Nursing Father:
Sweet Peace o're all the Earth ſhall then be ſown,
Still-neck'd Rebellion ſhall no more be known,
Both King and Subject in one Yoak shall draw,
The Prince Will ſhall be the Subjects Law:
The Prince with ſuch Commanding Life ſhall ſway,
The People will take pleasure to obey:
They shall rejoice when they do understand
All Arbitrary power is in his hand:
A full Confinement is full Liberty,
And when they moſt are bound, they are moſt free:
No Council to Direct his Juſt Commands,
For Wiſdom always at his Elbow stands:
No heavy Tax can move the Peoples Gall,
For they are willing to ſurrender all:
Both Prince and People ſit upon one Throne,
For Prince and People perfectly are one:
Full Union and Communion here we find,
One Life, one Love, one Soul, one undivided Mind:
But e're thiſ come to paſſ, we clearly ſee
Disturbances in every place ſhall be:
The Elements shall quarrel with each Star,
Dame Nature with her ſelf ſhall be at War:
The whole Creation that hath in accirt,
Shall fall into a *Craos*, as at firſt:
In all the World there will be strong Delusion,
Darknes and Death, Confusion on Confusion:
When this Black Cloud is o're, what will enſue?
The Master Builder will Build all things new,
When this old House is burnt that's made of Clay,
Hee'l Build a Pallace that ſhall ne're decay:
The Soul, in fine, being Purged from Dros and Tin,
Shall now ſpring up a Gloriouſ Cherubin.
A New Sun in the Firmament ſhall riſe,
Whose Gloriouſ Beams ſhall dazzle Mortal Eyes:
The Stars ſhall be refi'd which now we ſee,
And this dull Lump a Paradice will be,
Throu' Storms and Tempeſts we no more ſhall paſſ,
For we ſhall Sail upon the Sea of Glafs:
New Stars, new Planets guide the Heavenly flore,
Such as by Men were never ſeen before:
The little Birds on every Bough ſhall Sing,
No Winter but an Everlaſting Spring.
Fresh flouriſhing Youth ſhall every thing reſtore,
Old Age is paſt; and Man ſhall Dye no more;
Sicknes and Sorrow are for ever fled,
All Tears are wip'd away, and Death is dead.